

ONE CENT CAPITAL

Penny Taken Left by Will Brings Great and Unexpected Mineral Riches.

By MILDRED CAROLINE GOODRIDGE.

"And to my second nephew, Ronald Blair, as a reminder of his remarkable powers of memory, I leave the munificent sum of one penny. As he has been fit to imitate my peculiarities in private, so may he copy my diligence, beginning life on one cent capital, which is more than I had at the start, and making his own way in the world."

The legatee in question listened to the slow, measured tones of Lawyer Jones like one in a dream. The reader of the last will and testament of Jephthah Blair, stern, practical man as he was, cast a mournful and sympathetic look at the young man. He liked Blair immensely, as did every one else in the town, unless it was Hugh Telford, seated also in the apartment. He smiled viciously and triumphantly. He was safe ashore while Ronald was floundering in dark waters. The "Blair Plan" was to be given to Telford, together with stocks and bonds valued at \$10,000.

"I suppose you feel like cursing Uncle Jephthah," insinuated this precious young schemer and spendthrift. Ronald was pale; disappointment and chagrin showed in his frank, sensitive face. It hardened as he fixed his clear accusing eyes upon his sneering relative.

"No," he replied steadily. "If I was of the cursing sort you might come in for your share, for—I understand, how."

He left the lawyer's office as he spoke and a shade of anger and fear crossed the features of Telford. Ronald had to admit that he had expected a substantial legacy. He had every reason to anticipate it. It was cruel, after all his hopes and plans, and his heart sank like lead as he thought of Ruth Mason, his fiancée.

Where should he go for comfort save to her? It was his privilege, his

wounded two innocent bystanders, but one striking the penny glinted off and left him unscathed. Then the penny was observed by a loyal old Scotchman, leading to a friendship and a large amount of business.

It was just a year later when Ronald paid a visit to his home town. He learned that the wonderful oxcart vein had run out. Hugh had pretty nearly dissipated all his ready money. He boasted, however, that he was engaged to Ruth and Ronald believed this after her inexplicable silence.

In later years he never forgot a sad and moody ramble ending at the barren twenty-acre lot. In going over it he stumbled, his watch chain caught on a bush, and the penny snapped loose and disappeared down a great open crack in the ground.

Ronald had no thought of losing a token which he sincerely treasured. He saw a man digging on an adjoining farm, went over to him and bargained for a careful excavation in quest of the lost memento.

It took some delicacy of treatment to manipulate the dry, crumbling dirt. At a depth of four feet, the bottom of the crack, the penny was produced.

"Hello!" suddenly exclaimed the workman as he scraped off his spade. "Say, if this should be the real vein!"

"The what?" questioned Ronald vaguely.

"The vein of oxcartite. Look here—that's the real stuff," and he took up a handful of the scrapings from the spade.

It was "the real stuff," that was proven within the ensuing two days. All the town was on fire over the rare good luck the old penny had brought to Ronald, for the real oxcartite vein had been tapped.

Ronald was standing on the land that promised so much in the yellow dusk of the fading day a few evenings later, when a familiar figure came up over the rise in the landscape. His heart stood still as she approached. She was a bitter thought came into his mind—Ruth had heard of his good fortune.

"This year is over," she said brightly as she approached him. "Did they never tell you? It was Hugh Telford who laid his fortune at my feet, and my foolish father encouraged his suit. Finally it was agreed that I should take a year to decide, away from both of you. As if a year or a thousand could make me forget—you!"

And she lifted the old penny from the hand of her lover, the lucky penny of old Jephthah Blair, and kissed it.

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TEACHING CHILDREN TO SWIM

Valuable Course Has Been Added to the Public Schools of the City of Pittsburgh.

A course in swimming has been added to the required studies in the public schools of Pittsburgh, and Dr. Watson L. Savage is quoted as saying that he will see to it that every child in the city is taught to swim. This is a step in public education that deserves the hearty approval of every parent and every seeker of the public welfare.

"To ride, to shoot and to speak the truth," was the ancient Persian ideal of education. Needless to say, this was for boys only; girls in this day fare better than when the maxim was made. They are taught to exercise as well as to develop their brains nowadays. Alike boys and girls ought to learn to swim, and the public should provide means of teaching that most valuable and pleasurable accomplishment.

Swimming is a splendid sport; it develops muscles rarely used in other sports and its usefulness is beyond question. Yet comparatively few persons learn to swim. There are sailors who have spent many years on the water but are unable to keep afloat when suddenly cast into the element with which they ought to be thoroughly acquainted. Drownings are far too numerous; knowledge of how to swim would greatly lessen their number. May the time soon come when every child who passes through the public schools will have learned how to swim.

Nelson's War Stores Found. An interesting find is reported from Rome. Some fishermen declare that a shepherd has found near Cape Testa, the extreme northerly point of Sardinia, a large cave, containing an enormous quantity of powder and other war stores.

It is thought probable that the stores were placed in the cave by Nelson when he was watching the French fleet at Toulon in the operations which ended in the battle of Trafalgar. Nelson used Sardinia as his base of supplies, and it was while he was refitting there that Villeneuve escaped from Toulon and got clear away to Martinique, whence he returned to European waters, where he was at last brought to bay. The Italian military authorities are investigating the find.

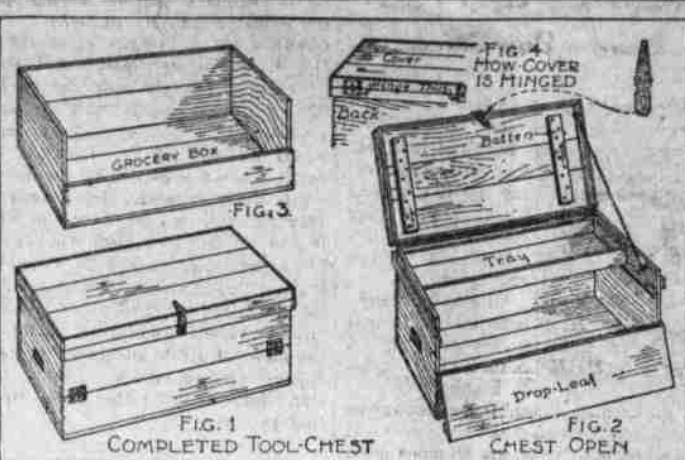
Had Two Points of Beauty. Tasmanian's pretty girls of European lineage have never been tempted to follow the fashion of the native Tasmanian women, who had all their hair removed with a flint and went bald. The last pure blooded Tasmanian woman died in 1875, aged seventy-six; the last man in 1876, aged thirty-four. A traveler says that the native had two fine points—eyes and teeth. The eyes were prominent and often of great beauty and brilliancy, and a dent of wide experience knew of no teeth equal to the Tasmanian's for strength, size and enamel. But the nose was bridgeless, the chin "ran off" and the upper jaw protruded.

Twisted Title. When the baby became tired of her candy and placed nearly a whole stick on the table Sister Marjorie took up the sweet and began to eat it. This made the baby cry lustily. "You don't want it, and still you don't want me to have it," said Marjorie. "Goodness, baby, you're just like the dog in the stall I read about in my story book."

BOYS' HANDICRAFT

By A. NEELY HALL

Author of "Handicraft for Handy Boys" and "The Boy Craftsman"



A TOOL CHEST AND A TOOL RACK.

If you received an outfit of tools for Christmas, or a few as the start of an outfit, one of the first things you should do is provide a receptacle for them—unless they came in a chest or cabinet.

A chest is very simple to make. A grocery box or small packing case about 28 inches long, 14 inches wide and 10 inches deep may be used, and one may be procured at the grocery or a dry-goods store for 10 or 15 cents. Select a box that is in good condition, and go over it and renail all boards that show signs of loosening; also drive in a few extra nails as additional reinforcement.

The chest shown in Figs. 1 and 2 has a drop-leaf in front, which makes it a big improvement over the common form of solid front, because you can reach down under the tray and get a tool in the bottom of the chest without having to remove the tray. One of the side boards of the box should be removed for the drop-leaf.

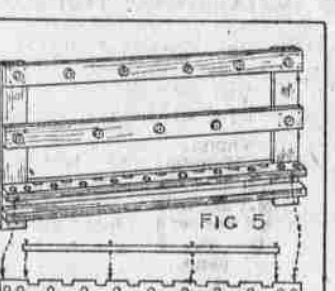


FIG. 5—PLAN OF SHELF A WORKBENCH TOOL-RACK.

It should be hinged to the remaining portion of the side, as shown.

Batten the cover boards together upon the under face with two battens, as shown in Fig. 2. Then cut a number of strips two inches wide and three-eighths-inch thick and make a rim for the cover, nailing the strips to the edges as shown in the drawings. Set the cover upon the top of the box, locate where the lower edges of the rim come, and at this point nail a band of the two-inch strips around the box. This will form a ledge for the cover to set upon. Hinge the cover in place as shown in Fig. 4. Fasten a hinge-hasp to the cover and a staple to the narrow band strip

nailed to the drop-leaf; then, by throwing the hasp over the staple and slipping a padlock through the staple, not only the cover will be locked, but the drop-leaf will be also. Procure a pair of trunk-handles, wind-wash lifts or drawer-pulls for handles, and screw one to each end of the box.

The tray should be made a trifle shorter than the inside length of the box, about one-half of the width of the box, and three or four inches deep, and a small strip should be tacked to each end of the box, inside, for a cleat to support the tray. Hooks and pockets may be fastened to the inside of the cover, to hold tools, and the bottom of the chest may be partitioned off with strips for the planes, saws, etc.

Stain the chest any color you wish to have it, making a stain of oil paint thinned with turpentine, and when this has been allowed to soak in give the wood a coat or two of shellac.

It is very handy to have a tool-rack back of the workbench, or on the wall within easy reach of the bench, to hold tools between operations, and a simple form for such a rack is shown in Fig. 5. The lower shelf is intended to rest upon the bench-top, if you fasten the rack to the bench, and it supports the ends of bits and other small tools dropped into the holes in the shelf directly above it. Cut the two shelves of equal proportions. Bore holes through the upper one, spacing them about as shown in Fig. 6, and then with a saw and chisel cut slots in the back edge of the piece and nail a narrow strip such as is shown in Fig. 6 to the shelf, to form a back to the slots (Fig. 5). Spools of various sizes should be screwed or nailed to the upper horizontal pieces of the rack, to hang tools upon.

If you fasten the rack to your bench, screw the lower shelf to the bench-top and the lower ends of the uprights to the back of the bench.

Do not leave your tools in the rack when you are through working. It will be too great a temptation for somebody to borrow a tool now and then, which they may forget to return to its place. Put everything away in your chest, and you will always know where to find it.

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OLD TABLOID RECORDS FOUND

French Government Unearths 45,000 Tablets in Babylon—Show Inventions of Centuries Ago.

"We think we are a great people," said the retired army officer, taking off his glasses, "and we feel that we are progressing at a tremendous pace, but here's a newspaper account saying that the French government has unearthed in Babylonia 45,000 tablets, giving a history in full of the reign of the ancient kings. Here we find for the first time that Babylon, and not Rome, was the real 'Mother of Law.' In those days there was a system of courts and of appeals that even suggested a recall. Sir, this report also states that during the days of Nebuchadnezzar they had a free rural delivery of mail over every highway in the kingdom. And, shades of Grover Cleveland!—It has also been proved beyond a doubt that the Egyptian government in 4500 B. C. had a perfected system of civil service. There is a record that the first turbine engine was invented by the Egyptians, and that Archimedes devised this mechanical contrivance by which the fields could be watered when the Nile was low. This is the same principle that is used to drive the latest additions to the Cunarders."

What shocked the doughty old American most of all was the information that four thousand years ago the phonograph was used in ancient Egypt, and was in reality only perfected by Edison in the nineteenth century. There is evidence also of the use of wireless telegraphy before the Christian era, while the Egyptian alphabet has proven to be a scientific key to organized human speech. It is a hard blow to our self-sufficiency to find that the banjo of the southern plantation with its fascinating "thrums" only echoes the musical instruments used by Egyptians in prehistoric times.—"Affairs at Washington," Joe Mitchell Chaplin in National Magazine.

Still Unexplored. All the opportunities for adventure are not over, though the north and south poles have both been conquered. In Africa there are 20,000,000 square miles of land as yet unexplored. In Liberia a tract of 20,000 square miles which is unknown.

Why He Did It. "So your oldest boy has joined the glee club?" "Yes." "What caused him to take that step?" "I don't know. But, judging by sound, I guess it must have been melancholia."

For Cutting Noodles. A shaft carrying a number of parallel wheels and provided with a suitable handle has been patented by an Ohio man for cutting noodles evenly.

KEEPING THE CHILDREN COOL

Back Yard Shower Bath Which Freshens Them and Helps to Pass the Hot Days Pleasantly.

In Pasadena, a "bunch" of little children have the most delightful kind of a shower bath each afternoon, and the suggestion may appeal to other mothers. Their back yard bath is, completely surrounded by a luxuriant hedge of pomegranate covered in turn by the beautiful morning glories. About three o'clock the children undress in the house, putting on a regular bathing suit. Then each child grasps her own tin bathtub and Japanese kimono rolled under her arm makes a grand rush for the garden. The tubs are set down in any place desired, the slippers laid aside, kimono and bath towels hung up behind the garden door and the fun begins. Each child in turn gets the hose and plays it in the tubs and on each other until the tubs are filled and all the children soaking wet. Then each child makes for its own tub which is full of overflowing. Down they sit until just the curly heads and shoulders rise above the rim. Then father or mother come on the scene, the tubs splashing over are refilled and then the children, one by one, stand up and inflate their chests, while the hose is turned directly on them. Brown as berries are these children, bright of eye and firm of muscle. A little longer splashing and they jump one by one to strip, rub down, and don slippers and kimono for a little run about the yard before going in to dress for dinner.

How Tailors Sew on Buttons. Tailors double their thread used to sew on buttons and make a knot and hold the knot in the teeth while they twist the thread, then they wax it and that keeps it twisted. Then they put a pin across the button, and after the buttons are sewed on they remove the pin and wind the thread around several times, making a kind of a stem. This makes it more easy to button the garment. The buttons on children's waists should be sewed on this way so more than one garment can be buttoned on the same waist.—Home Department, National Magazine.

London's Fog Expensive. It is said the London taxpayer is put to an extra expense of \$60,000 annually by reason of the prevalence of fog. One gas company alone furnishes gas to the value of \$15,000 over and above the normal figure on a single day of fog. The suspension of traffic is another serious item.

Great Leaves of Palms. There are palm trees growing on the banks of the Amazon whose leaves are from ten to twelve feet long and from thirty to fifty feet long.

NEWS and GOSSIP OF WASHINGTON

"Canned" Indian Songs to Be Placed in Archives



WASHINGTON.—Geoffrey O'Hara, recently appointed by the interior department at Washington to record the tribal songs and music of all American Indians, began his work in New York city the other day by taking his first phonographic records of the songs of the Blackfoot Indians being in New York. He sent Mr. O'Hara on to New York from Washington to begin his laborious task with these Indians. Mr. O'Hara is having them sing into phonographs and the records will be brought to this city to be put in the government archives, preserving for all time the music of the original Americans.

the phonographs under the direction of Mr. O'Hara. The Indians could hardly grasp the idea at first of how they could sing into a tin horn and thereby record their music. After the first song had been sung, however, the reproduction was given them in a few minutes and the magic of the operation was bewildering to them. They thought it was the most wonderful of all the wonders they have seen since their invasion of the east.

Mr. O'Hara is arranging to visit Glacier National park early this summer and complete his records of the Blackfoot tribe there.

Through the interior department arrangements were made to take these records privately in New York in an out-of-the-way loft. There is one song in particular which the Glacier Park Indians sing, in which musical critics find considerable merit. This is a song descriptive of the Blackfoot Indian's love of his home environment. Big Top, the Indian interpreter, says:

"My people always sing this song, because when they go away from the mountains their hearts are lonely, and it makes them think of home, sweet home."

Defendants in Court "Demonstrate" Innocence

N. C. HARPER, clerk of the police court, reading charges of disorderly conduct to Harry Johnson and Charles O'Connor, knowing that the charges of "cursing and swearing" were generally contained in such information, included these words:

"How do you plead, guilty or not guilty?" Mr. Harper demanded.

No answer.

To facilitate the business of the court, Bailiff Hopkins went close to the men and asked them in a low tone whether they were disorderly or not at the time mentioned in the paper. But he received no answer.

"Are you guilty or not?" Mr. Harper asked, in a polite but somewhat louder tone than he had used before.

Still no answer.

After some confusion, Policeman Brennan, who arrested the men, was called, and explained to the court that the men were both deaf and dumb.

"How could these men be 'cussing and swearing' if they can't talk?" the court demanded.

"They weren't, your honor," Brennan responded, "but in spite of that they sure were having a hot time up on Seventh street Saturday night."



guess they won't do it any more, though. One of them wrote me a note to that effect."

After Mr. Harper wrote out the charge of disorderly conduct, not including profanity, for them, they both gave a nod, indicating they were guilty. After hearing the testimony, and on the recommendation of the policeman, Judge Pugh took their personal bonds.

This is a legal form which requires that the clerk read a certain formula to the prisoners whose personal bonds are taken, after which he is allowed to go free, and the last check on the laughter of the large Monday crowd in court was removed when the clerk had to conform to this requirement.

Why Mrs. Townsend's Great Dane Was Lonesome



greater part of the forenoon, and again staying two or three hours in the afternoon. Finally he went back in the evening, and guests arriving for a dinner party at the house across from Mrs. Townsend's found the great Dane at the steps.

One guest, whose dog is a dainty, coquettish Chow, passed an awful moment when she had visions of never getting past the great Dane, who seemed greater and greater as he stood above her, on the topmost step, across the carved walnut doors.

When she finally accomplished it, with the help of the chauffeur and footman, she entered the drawing-room all but breathless.

"Why doesn't that great Dane of Mrs. Townsend's stay at home? He has all of that large garden to wander about in, over there, and—" she stopped, because she was nervous.

"Oh, that dog is simply lonesome," her hostess explained. "You see they only speak French and English to him over there, and he gets so homesick to hear his native tongue that he comes here to visit my Danish butler!"

Daniels Gathers Eggs; Bryan Wants Division

SECRETARY of the Navy Daniels the other day disclosed the fact that he keeps at his country place near Washington some ninety chickens, that yield him every day twenty eggs, and he thoroughly put himself in line for a lot of trouble.

For when Secretary of State Bryan, who keeps a riding horse by the name of Rex, but who owns no chickens, heard about his colleague's wealth, he made the proposal that Mr. Daniels ought to divide those fresh eggs among the other members of the cabinet. Mr. Daniels has not yet been heard from on the proposal, but the general opinion is that if the secretary of state wants any of the eggs from the Daniels chicken coop, he will have to mount his horse Rex some morning before daybreak and ride out and get them himself.

Secretary Daniels said incidentally that he is opposed to having the clerk of the government departments report at 8 o'clock, because it would necessitate his making his morning rounds to gather eggs at least an hour earlier each day. Mr. Daniels allows himself to be an hour later than the clerks of his department, but makes



up for it by staying half an hour later in the afternoon.

Raising babies as a fine art is the latest subject for the output of Uncle Sam's printing office, according to the announcement made by Miss Julia Lathrop, head of the children's bureau of the government.

Work has already been begun, she said, on a series of "Infant bulletins." "These bulletins," said Miss Lathrop, "will be a series of pictures of infant life as we have found it. They will be issued in an effort to disseminate and popularize scientific knowledge of child-bearing and raising in a manner that will be understood and appreciated by every mother in all stations of life."

Art as Amusement.

Paint Impressionist.—Of course I paint purely for my own amusement, you know. Visitor to Studio.—Nonsense, my dear fellow. They simply tickle us to death, too.—London Opinion.

Manager Was Wise.

Leading Tragic Man.—"Did you see how I paralyzed the audience in the death scene? They were crying all over the house!" Stage Manager.—"Yes, they knew you weren't really dead."—Tit-Bits.

Great Leaves of Palms.

There are palm trees growing on the banks of the Amazon whose leaves are from ten to twelve feet long and from thirty to fifty feet long.

PAINFUL, TRYING TIMES

Housework is hard enough for a healthy woman. The wife who has a bad back, who is weak or tired all the time, finds her duties a heavy burden. Thousands of nervous, discouraged, sickly women have traced their troubles to sick kidneys—have found quick and thorough relief through using Doan's Kidney Pills.

The painful, trying times of woman's life are much easier to bear if the kidneys are well.

An Iowa Case. Mrs. J. Hunt, of Iowa, writes: "I have been suffering from kidney trouble, and severe backache, headache, and my blood was so impure that I could not walk. Doan's Kidney Pills cured me when everything else failed. I cannot praise them too highly."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 50c a Box. DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS. FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N.Y.

PARKER'S HAIR BALM. A toilet preparation of merit. It is a restorative and beautifies the hair. It is a sure and safe remedy for itching scalp, dandruff, and all hair troubles.

Will Believe Nervous Depression and Low Spirit. The Old Standard general strengthening tonic, PARKER'S BLOOD PURIFIER, builds up the system, drives out malaria and builds up the system. A sure Appetizer and aid to digestion. For adults and children, 50 cents.

Ragtime Made Easy. One day "my mother cut her finger and she put a rag on it. Then she went to church to practice on the pipe organ, and a little boy who was there said, 'O, Mrs. H.—can play ragtime now.'—Exchange.

It Is All Handled. "Tell your mother not to forget when she needs bread that we handle it." "Mamma wants bread that is not handled."

Church on Historic Site. St. Alban's church, London, which occupies the site in Brook street of the thieves' kitchen described in "Oliver Twist," is to celebrate its fiftieth year of existence on June 22. From the date of its foundation it has had the faithful "Father" Stanton watching over its destinies.

Satisfied the Professor. The story is told of a college professor who was noted for his concentration of mind. The professor was returning home one night from a scientific meeting, still pondering over the subject. He had reached his room in safety when he heard a noise which seemed to come from under the bed. "Is some one there?" he asked. "No, professor," answered the intruder, who knew of the professor's peculiarities. "That's strange. I was positive some one was under my bed," commented the learned man.

ADDS TO THE LENGTH OF LIFE. Nothing Better Than Pedestrian Exercise, Especially to Those Who Have Passed Beyond Youth.

Some of the most noted of the old men of New York, successful in business, the professions and public affairs, have formed a walking club for the purpose of making their pursuit of still greater length of days, and still better health as agreeable as it is sensible. They intend to take long walks together and, no doubt, to make their pedestrian experiences the subject of entertaining discussion and a store of memories held in common. This is an example which might well be followed in every city of the United States. In the era of motor vehicles there is danger that walking will be increasingly neglected, especially by men and women advanced in years, who often need it most. There is a constant temptation to forget that riding in the open air, fine as it is in many ways, can never do for the body what walking does.

MORE THAN EVER. Increased Capacity for Mental Labor Since Leaving Off Coffee.

Many former coffee drinkers who have mental work to perform, day after day, have found a better capacity and greater endurance by using Postum instead of coffee. An Ills. Woman writes:

"I had drank coffee for about twenty years, and finally had what the doctor called 'coffee heart.' I was nervous and extremely dependent; had little mental or physical strength left, had kidney trouble and constipation. The first noticeable benefit derived from the change from coffee to Postum was the natural action of the kidneys and bowels. In two weeks my heart action was greatly improved and my nerves steady."

"Then I became less dependent, and the desire to be active again showed proof of renewed physical and mental strength."

"I am steadily gaining in physical strength and brain power. I formerly did mental work and had to give it up on account of coffee, but since using Postum I am doing hard mental labor with less fatigue than ever before."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Postum now comes in new concentrated form called Instant Postum. It is regular Postum, so processed at the factory that only the soluble portions are retained.

A spoonful of Instant Postum with hot water, and sugar and cream to taste, produce instantly a delicious beverage. Write for the little book, "The Road to Wellville."

"There's a Reason for Postum."